

H. G. HAYBALL MER. CO.

Our 28th Anniversary Sale.

On Xmas Eve we will celebrate our 28th year in Business in Logan and we have determined to make it a Xmas time long to be remembered BY ALL THE PEOPLE OF LOGAN AND CACHE VALLEY.

Look at these two Grocery Lists and then bring your wagon with you so that you will have room to haul the Merchandise home. Look these lists over and figure out for yourselves how much we are saving you on your Xmas Groceries.

\$5.00 List of Groceries

20 lbs Sugar.....	\$1.00
5 Pkg Blue Ribbon Raisins.....	50c
4 Pkg Cleaned Currants.....	50c
6 Cans Tomatoes.....	50c
3 Cans Best Peas.....	25c
3 Cans Best Corn.....	25c
4 lbs Best Rice.....	25c
4 lbs Navy Beans.....	25c
1 lbs Citron Peel.....	25c
1 lb Lemon Peel.....	25c
1 lb Mixed Candy.....	25c
1 lb Mixed Nuts.....	25c
25 oz K. C. Baking Powder.....	25c
4 lbs Sago or Tapioca.....	25c

Groceries

100 lbs Sugar.....	\$5.35
17 lbs Sugar.....	\$1.00
10 Pkg Blue Ribbon Raisins.....	\$1.00
18 lbs Navy Beans.....	\$1.00
18 lbs Best Rice.....	\$1.00
20 lbs Oat Meal.....	\$1.00
25 Bars Crystal White Soap.....	\$1.00
30 Bars Diamond C. Soap.....	\$1.00
10 Cans Tomatoes.....	\$1.00
10 Cans Best Peas.....	\$1.00
10 Cans Best Corn.....	\$1.00
18 lbs Sago.....	\$1.00
18 lbs Tapioca.....	\$1.00
100 lbs Pride of the Valley Flour.....	\$1.60
50 lbs Pride of the Valley Flour.....	80c

Bring the Children to See the Wonders of

TOY LAND

Complete Lines of Xmas Tree Decorations, Doll Heads, Blocks and Games In the Basement.

EIGHT YEARS OF DRY FARMING

(Continued from page six)

vator, a one row binder, a thrashing machine and a baler, a broom corn seeder, and of course, secondary tools in proportion. One man last year with such an equipment raised five thousand bushels of milo maize and thirty tons of broom corn, with no help except in harvesting. Such an equipment calls for six or more horses. This is the proper equipment. A man needs at least four good horses,

a good lister, a two row cultivator, and a one row binder to make a success, and if he has not these the problem he has to solve is to get them; and about one hundred and sixty acres is what he wants to cultivate. After the stuff is up we want to get over it three times, the first time throwing the dirt out, the second time throwing it in, and the third time completely leveling the ground.

Of course farming here wants to be complemented with the necessary stock. A man needs no less than three hundred and twenty acres and a dozen good mares, twenty good cows, ten to twenty good hogs to fatten, and around three hundred hens or the roost in the fall.

I will add that less than half the work here will keep the soil in a better receptive condition than back in the rain belt. This is partly from the fact that we do not have the enormous rainfall to pack down. For this reason even the work that we do is easier—the necessary work for the same results. It is this that gives to extensive farming here its practicability. But the Eastern man wants to take his with a gain of allowance, and he wants to think twice before casting his anchor this way. It is very few of our people who solely by farming are rolling in clover—they have been busy up to this time learning the country's requirements. The Eastern man who comes here has the uphill job of his life. The trouble is he knows too much about the farming business, as he finds out after he has been here a few years. Our farming here is a thing that has to be learned, and a back east knowledge on the subject is not much help.

Our standard crops are sorghum, milo maize, and broom corn. Other non-saccharine canes are raised, but these are our "bankables." The small grains have been dropping out of favor. I do not think they will ever

pay on a large scale except by summer tillage, and how they would thus pay we have only the word of those in other parts; but they will probably always be grown on a small scale as a side line. Indian corn is growing more and more in favor on our sandy soils. Alfalfa, too, is coming to her own. The Cashaw and Japanese pie pumpkins do well always. Turnips can be grown in paying quantities by summer tillage up to the time of sowing. Potatoes are not a sure crop except by the summer tillage method.

Orchards can be grown by proper tillage, but in fruit bearing time requires to be irrigated. All shrubberries do well, and the grape particularly never fails if given the proper attention.

This will give the Easterner an idea of what is going on out here and what he may expect if ever he sets foot on our shores. I want to close this with a somewhat sanguine anticipation of the country's future that has not loomed up as yet in the mental horizon of even our own people. It is my prediction that inside of a hundred years probably inside of fifty, this great American desert will have a population more dense than any purely agricultural territory in the United States. We have a soil that is rich and deep, and we have a climate that for health and happiness and agreeableness can not be excelled between the two oceans. It is irrigation that will do the rest. It is known that enough water runs off and away from these lands to irrigate every foot of tillable land in it. The impounding of this water has commenced—has been going on now for some years and it will keep going on until what falls here and comes down here from the mountains and foothills will be held and made use of here, as and when wanted. Artesian water is al-



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MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By

RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by V.L. Barnes



so going to be a factor. We now have some of these wells that afford water for from a quarter to a section of land. Time will develop the boundaries of these artesian belts over the entire half rainless region and the completion of the two system. of irrigation will witness the evolution of farming from the extensive to the intensive, a more intense intensive than the half flooded half droughty East has ever been able to put into practice. It is then that the population of this irrigated territory is going to be a factor in the affairs of the nation.

CALIFORNIA'S HIGH MOUNTAINS

The state of California has 70 named mountain peaks and 60 or more unnamed mountains, a total of at least 130, whose altitudes are greater than 13,000 feet above sea level. Twelve of these are 14,000 feet or ore high. The highest is Mount Whitney, which is also the highest peak in the United States, with an elevation of 14,501 feet. Mount Williamson is the next highest, 14,384 feet. The elevation of Mount Shasta, probably the third highest peak in the State, has not been determined exactly, but it is generally credited with being about 14,380 feet high. Other mountains attaining more than 14,000 feet are: South Peak of White Mountain, North Palisade mountain, Mount Russell, Split Mountain, Middle Palisade mountain, Mount Russell, Split mountain, Mount Langley, Mount Muir, Mount Tyndal and Mount Barnard.

NOTICE

Patrons of the City Light plant should see that their electric light bills are paid at once, if they expect lights for holidays. The city feels that it has extended all the leniency necessary in this matter. The city electrician is therefore, authorized to proceed to discontinue delinquents without further notice, by order Mayor H. G. Hayball, Commissioner on Finance

—Adv.

Heartburn is a symptom of indigestion. Take a dose of Herbine in such cases. The pain disappears instantly. The bowels operate speedily and you feel fine, vigorous and cheerful. Price 50c. Sold by Ritter Bros. Drug Co.—Adv.

across the fellow up on the Cimarron, waiting for Dupont to come back to his old range. Did you ever hear Dupont called by any other name?"

"She shook her head questioningly. "No; wasn't that his real name? The woman back there—wasn't she his wife?"

"She was his wife, yes; but their name was not Dupont. That was assumed; the correct one was Le Fevre."

"Le Fevre! Why—why, wasn't that the name of the man you told me about once?—the officer who brought you those orders?"

"He is the same. I did not know him at Dodge; not until Hughes told me. He had changed greatly in appearance, and I only saw him at night. But it was because I knew that I talked to kill him here; I wanted him alive, so I could compel him to tell the truth."

She gave a little sob, her hands clasped together. The man's voice softened, and he took a step nearer, bending above her.

"And yet now I do not care quite as much as I did."

She looked up quickly into his face, and as swiftly lowered her lashes.

"You mean you have found other evidence?"

"No, but I have found you, dear. You need not try, for I am not going to let you get away. It is not the officer's daughter and the enlisted man any more. Those barriers are all gone. I do not mean that I am indifferent to the stain on my name, or any less desirous of wringing the truth from Gene Le Fevre's lips, but even the memory of that past can keep me silent no longer. You are alone in the world now, alone and in the shadow of disgrace—you need me."

He stopped, amazed at the boldness of his own words, and in the silence of that hesitation, Molly lifted her eyes to his face.

"I think I have always needed you," she said simply.

He did not touch her, except to clasp the extended hands. The loneliness of the girl, here, helpless, alone with him in that wilderness of snow, bore in upon his consciousness with a suddenness that robbed him of all sense of triumph. He had spoken passionately, recklessly, inspired by her earnestness, her dependence upon him. He had faith that she cared; her eyes, her manner had told him this, yet even now he could not realize all that was meant by that quiet confession. The iron discipline of years would not relax instantly; in spite of the boldness of his utterance, he was still the soldier, feeling the chasm of rank. Her very confession, so simply spoken, tended to confuse, to mystify him.

"Do you mean," he asked eagerly, "that you love me?"

"What else should I mean?" she said slowly. "It is not new to me. I have known it for a long while."

"That I loved you?"

"Yes," smiling now. "Love is no mystery to a woman. I do not care because you are in the ranks; that is only a temporary condition. I knew you out there, at the very first, as a gentleman. I have never doubted you. Here, in this wilderness, I am not afraid. It is not because my father is dead, or because he has been guilty of a crime, that I say this. I would have said it before, on the balcony there in Dodge, had you asked me. It is not the uniform I love, but the man. Can you understand?"

"Will you marry me—a sergeant of cavalry?"

She was still smiling, her eyes frankly looking into his own.

"I will marry David Hamilton," she answered firmly, "let him be what he may."

The man let out his suppressed breath in a sob of relief, his eyes brightening with triumph.

"Oh, Molly! Molly!" he cried. "I cannot tell you what this all means to me. There is no past now to my life, but all future."

"Am I that to you?"

"That! Yes, and a thousand times more! I had ambition once, opportunity, even wealth. They were swept away by a man's lie, a woman's perfidy. Out of that wreck, I crawled into the world again a mere thing. I lived simply because I must live, skulking in obscurity, my only inspiration the hope of an honorable death or an opportunity for vengeance. Mine was the life of the ranks in the desert, associating with the lowest scum, in constant contact with savagery. I could not speak to a decent woman, or be a man among men. There was nothing left me but to brood over wrongs, and plot revenge. I became morose, savage, a mere creature of discipline, food for powder. It was no more when I first met you. But with that meeting the chains snapped, the old ambitions of life returned. You were a mere girl from the East; you did not understand, nor care about the snobbery of army life. No, it was not that—you were above it. You trusted me, treated me as a friend, almost as an equal. I loved you then, when we (To be continued)

J. F. Schirmeister
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